"Quote"

To conserve the time of Public Speakers, Educators, Writers, Ministers, Executives and all who are "Too Busy to Read"

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Hitler Holocaust—"The questions of the time are decided . . . by iron and blood." Seventy-nine years ago Bismarck said it. This week, in the Balkans, Hitler concludes his test of the formula. It works. Against the onslaught, Greeks and Britons give gamely, grudgingly. But they give. Too much iron . . . too much blood . . . "We can't fire fast enough to keep them back!"

While the Thermoplylae line yields, Hitler has, within the week, intensified air-raids on Britain as a probable prelude to invasion; prepared to tighten his hold on Un-occupied France; applied the pressure torch to Franco Spain; scorned Russia; scoffed at America, and perhaps most imminent of all, set the stage for a drive against Turkey.

Tough Turkey?—Whether Hitler achieves diplomatic victory here, or must further drain his stores of iron and blood, will rest largely upon what Istanbul hears from London and Moscow. British action in fortifying Iraq, has had wholesome effect. But Turkey must know that there's more—a great deal more.

Greek Exodus—It may be a long time before we know how many fighting men get safely away from Greece. The "ragamuffin fleet" is functioning, as we suggested last week. These small craft take men to Crete (whence the Greek royal family has fled) a round-trip of about 125 miles. British have been well entrenched here for weeks, and Crete may dominate whole eastern Mditerranean.

British can hardly avoid heavy loss of material. Retreat, apparently, has been orderly. Air attacks are punishing, but there is a wide area for embarkation, and small craft, stealing away by night make difficult targets.

Australians are not pleased by British action, shunting their troops into Greece and permitting Nazi foothold in Libya. Appointment of Anzac Gen'l. Blamey as 2nd in command in Middle East is a sop to them. But there are internal troubles, too. Late reports intimate Labor element will be asked to join with Menzies cabinet for united Australian war effort.

What of Egypt?—Duke of Aosta, Italian Viceroy of Ethiopia, has heard from Rome. The answer is "No!" So Italians go on fighting in East Africa. Maj.-Gen. Cunningham, British commander-in-chief in East Africa, has warned Aosta that British forces cannot be responsible for safety of tens of thousands of Italian civilians. Natives are already reported on rampage. Late reports say British have broken through stubborn defense at Dessie, Ethiopia, with Fascists falling back.

British middle-east forces are said to be poised for decisive clash with Axis mechanized spearhead that has struck across Libya into Egypt.

British are saying that references to Tobruk as "besieged" are misleading. Raids from this area are not attempts to "break through", British insist, but part of systematic effort to impede Axis 800-mile supply line.

British attack on Tripoli early this week is now characterized as "greatest naval bombardment of the war." This is further evidence that Hitler must close the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, or make other plans to service his African forces.

Where are the Planes?—Lord Beaverbrook's statement that England has lost only one heavy bomber in American deliveries by air is flat contradiction of rumors that Nazis have been shooting down "two out of five" of these planes. However, his further statement that "nearly 1,000" American and Canadian planes have thus far been added to RAF, is distressing to Americans who have been given to understand that our production was around 1,000 units a month, with major portion earmarked for England. *Where are the planes?* Beaverbrook admits a "steady drain" on shipments of aircraft by sea from America "due to losses in convoy." Rumors are rampant that "nearly half" our aid-to-Britain is now being sunk en route.

There's a new plan now to ferry lighter aircraft to Britain on installment plan—Halifax to Greenland, to Iceland, to Scotland. But the big news, of course, is a plan to patrol North Atlantic "halfway to Europe". President is working on definite program of modified convoy which may be announced any day. Inside talk in Washington is that Roosevelt isn't moving fast enough, or decisive enough to suit several members of Cabinet.

LABOR FRONT—With less than 2 weeks' reserve of soft coal, southern operators agreed, at President Roosevelt's insistance, to resume negotiations . . . Meanwhile, CIO's UAW announces local unions in General Motors plants have voted for strike. Pres. C. E. Wilson, of GM, insists defense work cannot be segregated and that Company will not "underwrite the union" by meeting demand for closed shop . . . At Baltimore, UAW's aircraft division voted to call general strike at Glenn L. Martin Co. . . . At Seattle, Int'l. Ass'n. of Machinists expelled 11 for "Communistic activities." Sidney Hillman, associate director of OPM, who early in week declared strikes were fewer, shorter, told Textile Workers' union that real issue now is "whether free labor or slave labor shall prevail in the world."

The Vinson bill, requiring "cooling off" period and imposing stiff penalties for "illegal" strikes, is arousing serious concern of organized labor. It is commonly regarded as a "club" to be used in case new "strike wave" breaks out.

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted."—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

A Winged World . . .

I have just been talking with a man who has seen a vision.

This man is preparing to build a country club—a country club without a golf course! Yes, I know it sounds crazy, but listen—

The gentleman in question is a licensed pilot, a veteran of the first world war. He knows aviation, and he knows aviators. And he has figured it out this way:

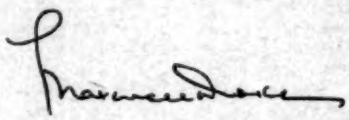
In the next few years, when peace comes again to this weary world, the United States will have a minimum of 50,000 expertly-trained aviation pilots—in all probability a great many more than that. Having tasted the thrill of soaring the skies, these young men will never again be earth-bound plodders. They will want to fly. They will *have* to fly!

But professional aviation cannot at once absorb this avalanche of able and experienced bird-men. The great majority must inevitably go into other vocations, and continue to fly as a pastime.

So they will buy their own personal planes. The low-priced plane is already a reality, and tremendous improvements will come out of the present defense program. Aviation has been speeded up at least a decade in a few brief months. The thing that has retarded individual ownership of planes these recent years has not been first-cost but maintenance. Hangar space runs into money; repairs are prohibitively expensive. And there's the whacking cost of taking a plane apart periodically, for government inspection.

But my friend says he has a way out—in his new-fashioned country club. For a fee that may total little more than the dues assessed by a good golf association, the pilot-owner may have hangar space and service for his plane. Repairs and renewals will be taken care of on the spot, by expert mechanics, at reasonable rates. And the club will assume the responsibility for all government inspections.

My visionary pilot assures me that his plans have been checked in every detail, and that the project is entirely feasible. I think maybe he's got something there!



Publisher.

ADVERTISING

Lauer Sisters Restaurant in Chicago provides a neat customer contact with a series of cards, letters or folders on each table which are separate and apart from the menu. One such card pictures two pigs in evening dress and is headed "Why Left Hams Are Better." This is their solution:

"When a hog scratches his starboard or right side, he does a Rumba with his right foot. That develops muscles. When he scratches his left flank, he does a gentle shimmy against a tree or post. Therefore, right hams are more muscular and less tender than those from the left side of the hog.

"There are two ways to prove this: One is to watch the hogs in the hoof; the other is to test the tender flavor baked Left Ham baked and served here. We use Only Left Hams."—*The American Restaurant Magazine*, 4-'41.

AGRICULTURE

Sec'y of Agriculture Wickard this week asked canners to put up an additional 15 million cases of tomatoes in 1941 for relief programs and disposal under lend-lease provisions. Quotas on other vegetables also are to be upped. Accordingly, farmers have been told that restrictions are off on tomatoes, sweet corn and snap beans. These are, for the time being classified as non-soil-depleting crops. Farmers may plant as many acres as they desire without jeopardizing the usual benefit payments.

But here's the rub: Farmers are already experiencing labor difficulties, with worse to come. Many farm youths are being taken into the army, and others turning to defense industries.

AMERICANA

The American is one of the laziest of God's Creatures. He thinks he is a great athlete but takes most of his sport on the seat of his pants. He gets into his automobile to go a half-mile, then frets his nerves raw trying to find a place to park. He says he's all tired from working at the office because he's dopey from lack of fresh air and exercise before he gets to his office. He says Great Britain got into a tough spot because it was slow in preparing. But Great Britain has had a national physical conditioning campaign for some years. Rain that would keep an American huddling inside is simply a sort of a misty golf day for the Briton. The American loses some money—on paper—and jumps out of a window. The Briton has the window to jump out of bombed to the ground and figures if he can help put out the fire and get the debris cleaned up quick enough, he may have time left for 9 holes to keep his nerves in good shape.—Herb Graffis, in his column "Hanging On the Lip," *Golfing*, 3-'41.

AMERICAN-BRITISH RELATIONS

Curiously enough the English-speaking peoples do not like each other though neither ever thinks of direct hostility toward the other.—William E. Dodd, *Ambassador Dodd's Diary*, (Harcourt, $3.50).

ANIMALS

It would be hard to picture Buffalo Bill's reaction if he could see what the government has been doing to the remnants of the bison herd he and his pals left up in Montana. Take it or leave it, every one of this year's calves on the National Bison Range near Moiese, has been rounded up for a session with a hypodermic needle! The idea behind it all is to immunize them against Bangs disease, a livestock ailment which generally interferes with reproduction and cuts down herd populations.—*Field & Stream*, 5-'41.

ANIMALS—Cruelty

May I interject two practical suggestions for Humane Week?

Never pat a dog on the head. Albert Payton Terhune reminds me that a dog's skull is not heavily plated. When you pat his head it feels, to an average dog, as you might feel if someone struck your head with a blunt instrument. It's all right, however, to pet the dog on the head by running the hand over it. But, remember, there's a difference between petting and patting!

The second suggestion: Don't feed sugar to city horses!

Thousands of lumps of sugar, garnered from restaurant tables, are fed daily to the horses of mounted policemen. Serious diseases result, and the horses' lives are shortened. Veterinarians of the police department are constantly drenching the poor horses with medicine to overcome the effects of too much sugar.

Some mounties, in desperation, train their horses to bite at customers who offer sugar.—CHARLES B. DRISCOLL, in his column, *New York*.

BOOKS

"Spending eight hours of strenuous physical and mental activity each day, the men in camp welcome the opportunity to use some of their leisure in reading books and magazines, but we don't have enough to go around."

This statement by a Morale Officer was the cause of the Literature Shower of Philadelphia, which sent approximately 200,000 books and magazines to near-by camps and the Navy Yard. One hundred and ninety-seven public and parochial schools held "showers." Over a hundred trucking concerns each donated the services of a truck and driver to make the collections. An armory was secured as headquarters, and here nearly two-hundred volunteer club women did the sorting and bundling.—CHARLES H. ENGLISH, "A Literature Shower for Service Men," *Recreation*, 4-'41.

CHEERFULNESS

A young woman entered a store one rainy morning to find the owner feeling grumpy and impolite. In fact he was just on the verge of saying: "Isn't it a terrible, miserable day?"

But she beat him to the punch with: "Good morning, Mr. Carlson. It's a nice morning we're not having, isn't it?"

Commenting on it later, the store owner said: "Do you know, that greeting gave me something a $150-day couldn't have given me. It gave me a new slant on life. It'll be a long time before I crab about the weather or anything else again."—*Best's Insurance News*, 4-'41.

DEFENSE

Many of us would willingly die for our family, but sometimes find it pretty tough having to live with them. So Father pays the bills. Mother worries. The children do as they please. We like to sing "Home Sweet Home" —when we're away from home.

To defend America we need sound homes. Where the family hide nothing from one another and help one another to give their best. Where there is plenty of laughter and love. Where meals are not just gulp and go, but where the company and conversation are as good as the food. Where the welcome sign is always out. Where neighbors can drop in to borrow a cup of flour and find real friendship and courage when times are hard.

Homes that pull together, pull the town together. And unite the nation.

Fathers who know how to unite their families will take that spirit into their jobs. If they can settle private strikes and lockouts at home, they know the way to industrial co-operation.

Mothers who teach their children responsibility, faith and discipline will build the nation's character.

Families who allow no waste in their kitchens will show the nation how to use all of everything. Their thrift will help make America secure.

Sound homes will produce not only the man power, but the will power to defend America.—From the little book, *You Can Defend America!* issued by the Moral Re-Armament Movement, and currently on sale at newsstands for 10 cents.

EDUCATION—Juvenile

Children playing with guns is not necessarily an alarming symptom. Identification with adult activities has always been part of children's play. Just as they amuse themselves with miniature washboards and brooms, and trains and tool-kits, so children in wartime will imitate war in their games. The gun play of children is innocent and natural considering the attendant circumstances . . . If we permit children to grow up in a world in which force and violence rather than intelligence and mutual good-will determine the outcome of events, why begrudge their fun with make-believe guns?—JAMES K. SKIPPER, counsel of Student Teaching, Chicago Teachers College, *Childhood Education*, 4-'41.

EDUCATION—Religious

In May 1940, the Board of Regents of the State of New York approved a regulation releasing one school hour a week for those children whose parents wished to send them to a religious center for instruction. This was soon followed by a similar ruling by the Board of Education of the New York City Public Schools. Opposition has been loud and long, fanned by a recent incident when children attending religious classes on released time returned to their schools wearing buttons designed to enlist the envy and interest of their classmates. This particular endeavor to propagandize was immediately curbed but the resulting public turmoil served to accentuate the dangers inherent in religious education when associated with public schools.—Paraphrased from *The Clearing House*, 3-'41, and *Frontiers of Democracy*, 3-15-'41.

EDUCATION—Teachers

The annoying habits of high-school teachers were gathered by a questionnaire answered by 54 senior girls and 36 senior boys. The 90 pupils mentioned 346 annoying habits, which is about 4 per pupil. Habits classified as those of general attitude and behavior of the teachers seem to be more annoying to high-school seniors than those of personal appearance and teaching procedures. Some teachers, we find, "have favorites," are "too authoritative," are "grouchy," "walk the floor," "flirt," "talk too much," "use a monotone," offer "stale jokes, puns, etc." It would also seem that girls find women teachers more annoying than men teachers, and boys consider men teachers more annoying.—Reported by JOSEPH E. MOORE, *Peabody Journal of Education*.

EMPLOYMENT

Few will question the fact that many overall jobs take just as much if not more intelligence and skill than the white-collar jobs. And the pay is better. . . . It is high time that young people should be saved from the great waste of their energies in looking for work which is on the so-called "genteel" level in a world in which the "genteel" occupations are the ones which society can most easily do without. It is the duty of our educators to give the same social prestige to the vocational trades as that which goes with dressed-up office positions.—THOMAS E. PHILLIPS, *New Jersey Educational Review*.

Quote prophesies—

—that by mid-summer we shall enter the early stages of an acute labor famine in the United States. Already there are shortages in certain classifications of skilled workers, and there is little prospect of early improvement since we have no adequate reservoir of apprentice labor.

Shortages are developing also in the semi-transient occupations, where labor is normally abundant. In many cities, 20 to 30% of the taxi-cabs are idle because competent drivers can't be found. The Selective Service has taken its toll; others have been lured to defense industries. And there are no recruits to take their places. The same situation obtains with farm labor, and there is every expectation that it may assume alarming proportions by harvest time.

Propaganda may get under way before many months to lure more women back into industry—on a patriotic basis.

ERSATZ (Substitute) PRODUCTS

The first scientific comparison of synthetic rubber and the natural product has been completed by B. F. Goodrich Company—it shows that the man-made variety excels real rubber in four properties, equals it in six and is only slightly below standards in three. . . . According to the Department of Commerce, there are 29 products that classify as varieties of "synthetic rubbers."—*Financial World*, 4-16-'41.

ESPIONAGE

When employees in the Navy Department in Washington got copies of the latest telephone directory recently, they found it had a new feature. At the bottom of each page was a warning not to talk too much,—for example: "Walls Have Ears;" "Do Not Repeat Rumors;" "Careless Talk Costs Lives;" "Beware of Inquisitive Friends."—*Business Week*, 3-29-'41.

GAMBLING

Scene: A south-country dog track.

Time: Just before the sixth race.

Present: A number of women with shopping baskets.

Action

One of the women, apparently cleaned out by previous races, goes to a bookmaker and asks a question. He looks thoughtful, grins and nods.

Woman picks up basket, takes out a leg of lamb, and hands it over.

Bookmaker calls "Two pounds to a leg of mutton," and gives her a ticket.

Yes—she has gambled the meat ration at four to one.

Sequel

The bookmaker has leg of lamb (betting value 10 shillings) for dinner.—*Toronto (Ontario) Star.*

HOLIDAYS

Calendar Capers—Thanksgiving has had its day of hopping about on the calendar, and it now seems that Labor Day is to take a turn. Summer resort owners have been urging its postponement to the second rather that the first Monday in September in an effort to increase their length of operating time in an already short season—*The Billboard*, 4-19-'41.

INTERVENTION

Thus far, few American periodicals have suggested a policy of armed intervention for the U. S. However, the Louisville Courier-Journal *has tended strongly in that direction for some months. Following are excerpts from an editorial,* "We Are Betting on Other Men's Blood" *in the issue of April 19, 1941.*

It is a strange and terrible thing to see the United States depend upon the valor of other men, and it was not always thus.

We call ourselves a free people, but we did not just happen to be free. The chains that used to bind us were cut by other men who seem to have been braver than ourselves. They were brave enough to die, and we shrink from being shot at!

. . . If we were drafting the Declaration of Independence today we should have to re-write that final phrase, because it isn't true any more; today we depend upon the lives, the fortunes—yes, and the sacred honor!—of other men.

Heart-breaking, isn't it?

. . . The early patriots had so little, but they were willing to die even for that. We have so much that it doesn't seem worth dying for.

" "

The Benedict Arnold of the present war may be found on the silver screen. At present the motion pictures, feature length and newsreel, apparently are produced to incite the American people to demand war. They are cleverly directed for passion-arousing effect and to bring an overwhelming call for convoys. And convoys, as any clear thinking American will know, means entrance of the United States into the European conflict.—Senator Burton K. Wheeler in a speech given in Salt Lake City.

KNOWLEDGE

David butchered a bringer of bad news. Publicists reviled Babson when he predicted the end of the boom in '29. We all wish to be happy and safe and carefree, so we resent bad news and close our eyes to ugly facts.

But now we need exact knowledge and keen understanding. Those who try to close our eyes are tricking us and making us easy victims for a devouring enemy. If we aren't on our toes, we'll soon be on our knees—or backs.

The one who tries to warn us may spoil our fun, but the unwarned and unawakened in Europe are having no fun now.—Robert Quillen.

LABOR—Organized

The demands of the C.I.O. United Mine Workers include some strange proposals. Not only is it demanded that there be vacations with pay but that the mines be closed down altogether during the vacation period. Similarly the union now asks for the arbitrary right to declare "mourning" periods in which to mourn the loss of those injured in mine accidents. The union wishes to decide when and for how long these "mourning" periods with full pay shall be ordered.—David Lawrence, in his column, *Today in Washington.*

" "

If the daily papers were giving as much space to the rising cost of living as they are giving to strikes, everybody would know the reason for strikes.—*The Call*, official publication of the Socialist Party, 4-19-'41.

MARRIED LIFE

"Write it out—don't fight it out!" That's the slogan of the Dithertons (as related in *Better Homes & Gardens*, 5-'41). Instead of arguing endlessly, they vowed they'd write down their grievances—Archie in his little notebook; Angela in hers. Then at the end of the year—on their paper anniversary—they'd exchange notebooks and study their respective records with an eye to mutual improvement. That was 9 years ago. They're still keeping the notebooks, though grievances grow fewer year by year.

MARRIAGE In Wartime

I have just been best man at a wartime wedding. No wedding bells (the ringing of church bells is reserved as an invasion warning). No confetti (the manufacture of the beastly stuff has been stopped to save paper). No rice (throwing food about—even at weddings—is barred). When we arrived at the reception after the ceremony, there was the cake in all the glory of three tiers of elaborate icing, ribbons, cupids and flowers. But, when the time came for the bride and groom to cut the masterpiece, the attendant flunkey leaned forward and lifted off the decoration like a lid, leaving only the brown core of the cake behind. We ate the inner part; the outer shell will be a permanent feature at weddings until after the war is over.—The London Letter, *London Calling*, No. 78.

MONEY—Circulation

In Elmira, N. Y., a dollar bill was affixed to a card in an endeavor to show how money circulates. It changed hands 28 times on "Dollar Day" from 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. It was used to purchase gasoline, groceries, women's wear, men's furnishing, rifle shells, cigarettes, meat, hardware supplies, baked goods, a meal and payment of a bill.—*Bakers Review*, 4-'41.

MUSICIANS—Army

Army camps are throwing out all sorts of inducements to have musicians join their particular regiments because of an apparent shortage of tooters. Two letters on the bulletin board of Local 802, Musicians' Union, offer everything but hotel service. One from Camp Lee, Va., reads: "Pleasantly located 25 miles from Richmond, and on the immediate outskirts of Petersburg."

For those not interested in the view, the musical director of the camp at Fort Slocum offers some competition with: "The fare from Fort Slocum to New York City is only 15 cents, and the restrictions are few and lenient."—*The Billboard*, 4-19-'41.

OCCUPIED COUNTRIES

When the Hamburg Opera visited Oslo, after the German occupation, thousands of tickets were given away to Norwegians who were ordered to put in an appearance. The total sale of tickets amounted to only 100 kroner ($25.00). A man from out of town with his family occupied the royal box—whether from ignorance or design no one knew. As soon as the audience saw him, people rose to their feet and shouted "Get out!" He beat a retreat.

The next day *Tildens Tegn* carried a news item about the matter. The paper was stopped, and the editor, Mr. Skanche Jonassen, imprisoned. But for some time after that a little boy would arrive at the box office every morning and buy the royal box for the evening's performance. And no one sat there.—Jacob Worm-Muller, professor of history, University of Oslo, *The American Scandinavian Review*, Spring-'41.

The entire property of the Czech League of Boy Scouts—i. e. club rooms, playing fields, camps—together with their equipment and the sum of two million crowns, was confiscated and given to Hitlerjugend when the Gestapo dissolved the Czechoslovak Scouts League, which was a member of Baden-Powell's international scouting organization. . . . Many scouts, even some of the youngest, were arrested. No reason was given for the Gestapo's measures.—*The Central European Observer*, 2-17-'41.

THE NEW BOOKS...
What You Want to Know About Them

That Men May Understand—Harold Rugg, author of the 14-volume textbook series, *Man and His Changing Society*, and other titles including the controversial, *The Great Technology*. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75).

"To keep issues out of the school is to keep thought out of it; it is to keep life out of it," writes Harold Rugg in the preface to his latest work, a rebuttal of recent attacks on schoolbooks in general, his in particular.

Denounced as a writer of "subversive," "un-American" textbooks, filled with "an alien ideology," Rugg has been a comparatively silent target. In defense of himself and associates, he has appeared at public hearings, which he admires as evidence of the spirit of Democracy in action, but with this new book he seeks a wider audience in justification of his views. His special target is those individuals whose criticism is prefaced by the admission, *"I haven't read the books, but—!"*

"Five times since the world war a wave of censorship has rolled up on the schools" Rugg points out. And the principal cause? FEAR. Our people, he believes, are particularly susceptible to the Red scare, to patriotic hysteria and to political maneuvering. He points out that minority groups with a loud voice work rapidly when the time is ripe. It is the Rugg contention that these minorities are fighting a trend—an inevitable trend toward a realistic treatment of history and the social sciences. Since it is human nature to resist change, these organized groups naturally resent the vanishing *status quo*. Their resentment has been magnified into accusations of treachery against realistic instructors.

Dr. Rugg denies categorically that he is a Communist, (nor has this point been made against him by his more fair-minded critics) and adds that he does not subscribe to "such controversial tenets of the Marxist theory as the idea of 'class struggle'." He does not, of course, deny adherence to certain fundamental collectivist ideas and ideals, which are considered basic in the New Order.

In his contention that increasing populations mitigate against unlimited individual freedom, Dr. Rugg is logical and convincing. But where Dr. Rugg and his critics appear to differ is in the application of these factual data. He sees the inevitable encroachment of collectivist social trends, while his opponents are loath to part from the era of individual enterprise, or as they term it, The American Way.

Dr. Rugg's book is a sincere and well-documented effort. It should be carefully read by educators and parents, and deserves the special consideration of critics.

. . .

That Dr. Rugg's opponents are not "calling it quits" is evidenced by current developments. The National Americanism Commission of the American Legion has just issued a pamphlet. Rugg Philosophy Analyzed. *Last week, Hubert Meredith, Attorney-General of Kentucky submitted his report on an investigation of Dr. Rugg's social science texts, recommending that these books be banned from the state's public schools, effective with the Fall term.*

THE COLUMNISTS' COLUMN

Official ire has been aroused by another instance of meddling by Axis diplomats in the defense program. . . .

A District of Columbia draft board has reported that the German embassy is secretly counseling German-Americans on how to dodge the draft. One specific case involved a German-born waiter in one of the capital's big hotels, who claimed exemption under the German-American "friendship and commerce" treaty signed in 1923.

Article 6 of this treaty provides that "in event of war" in which either the United States or Germany is involved with "a third state," either signatory may "draft for compulsory military service" certain nationals of the other country. This would include, for example, any Germans who have established permanent residence in the United States and formally declared intention to "adopt its nationality."

The youth declared that while he had declared intention to become a United States citizen, by taking out his first papers, he was exempt from the draft because (1) the United States is not actually at war, and (2) the right to draft him applies only if the United States went to war against a country other than Germany.

"Are you willing to bear arms against Germany if this country goes to war against Germany?" he was asked.

"I don't think I have to in view of this treaty" he replied with a debonair shrug. "Furthermore, I have two brothers in the German army and would not want to fight against them. They wouldn't let me."

"Do you belong to the Bund or any other German organization?"

"My answer is No" he retorted truculently, but did admit on further questioning that he had two other brothers in the United States who are members of "singing" bunds.

"Who put you up to this?" demanded a draft official. "Who advised you to claim exemption on the basis of a 1923 treaty?"

"I went to the German embassy" was the reply, "and they told me about the treaty. I was told to submit it as evidence of my claim to exemption."

NOTE: After consultation with the State Department, the draft board decided against this individual; ordered him up for military service.—PEARSON & ALLEN, *Washington Merry-Go-Round.*

OCCUPIED COUNTRIES

One difficulty in the path of civil resistance in Holland, where there are many Dutch citizens of German extraction, is to discover which of these hyphenated Dutchmen can be trusted. One couple I know, living next door to German-born neighbors, solved the problem in a novel way. Every day at 1:55 p. m., the wife shouted to her husband working in the garden, "Come in, dear. It's almost 2 o'clock." As this is the time of a London news broadcast, the German-born neighbors reported the couple to the Gestapo. My friends, however, had an air-tight alibi: they had no radio. But now they knew about their Nazi neighbors.—ONNO LEIBERT, Dutch radio broadcaster, now in the U. S., writing in *Life*, 4-21-'41.

PATRIOTISM

From the dark came the voice of the sentry, "Halt! Who's there?"

"An American," was the reply.

"It that so? Well advance and recite the second verse of 'The Star-Spangled Banner'."

"I don't know it."

"Proceed, American."—*The American Legion Magazine.*

POVERTY—Relief

Our wife enjoys doing charity work. It not only is a satisfaction to her to help others, but it is a positive pleasure if she can go about it in the proper way. Last week when a party was given for charity our wife entered into it wholeheartedly. When she thought of the distress of others she began making preparations to attend the party and do her bit. She didn't have suitable clothes to wear, so she bought a new dress for herself and then bought hat, shoes, gloves and a handbag to match the dress. With the sufferings of others in mind she spent more than $40 getting herself ready for the party, and when she got there she contributed 50 cents to help the deserving poor.—CLAUDE CALLAN, "Folks and Foibles," *Kansas City Times*, 5-18-'41.

" "

Darryl Zanuck, motion picture producer, received $42.39 from the people of Chunking who raised the sum after they had seen "Grapes of Wrath,"—"because they're more miserable than we in China are. We at least have homes."—LEONARD LYONS.

PRODUCTION

The wars of the last twenty-five years have doubtless *destroyed* more steel than all our other uses have exhausted in two centuries. For, aside from war's devastation, amazingly little iron and steel actually goes to waste. The magazine, *Steel Facts* points out that of the 1,760,000,000 tons of iron and steel which have gone into consumption in the United States since 1854, close to one-third has been repurchased over the years by steel mills and foundries as scrap, to be reprocessed into new iron and steel. Most of the remainder is believed to be still in service in the form of buildings, bridges, automobiles, pipes, bathtubs and a host of other articles.

REGIMENTATION

A farmer in Missouri owned 93 pigs which had a habit of straying off the reservation, showing ingenuity in burrowing under fences. In order to prevent wholesale emigration, he took a leaf out of the totalitarian book and put up electrified wire fences on the frontier, equipped with a balanced ration of volts and amperes, not strong enough to kill, but powerful enough to keep the pigs away. They soon learned to have a healthy respect for that fence.

Once this lesson had been thoroughly learned by the pigs, the next step in farm economy was to shut off the power. Being in absolute control of all local information, the farmer was able to turn off the electricity and keep that significant news from the pigs, so that the deluded animals still stayed away from the fence.

The farmer was now ready for the grand climax. One bright day he went out and removed the entire fence while interested neighbors assembled to watch the expected stampede. There was none. The regimented pigs wistfully eyed the unguarded frontier, but none was rash enough to venture across it.

In this humble fashion was born the last triumph in agricultural science—the wireless fence.—*Nuggets*, 3-'41.

RELIGION

For the inquisitive there is no God. God is neither an object of scientific investigation nor something that we can insert in the treasure of our knowledge, as one mounts a rare stamp in a special place in an album. EMIL BRUNNER.

RELIGION

What is wrong with the Church is that the clergy have turned their attention from the unconverted to the unemployed.—DEAN WILLIAM RALPH INGE.

SELECTIVE SERVICE

Starting April 1, the University of Minnesota will give a special course on what every prospective draftee ought to know.—*Bakers Review*, 4-'41.

" "

One day last week the residents of a little whistle-stop community, down in Posey County, Indiana planned a big celebration to mark the departure of a group of local draftees. Stores closed, and everyone went down to the "dee-po" to see the boys off. The high school and American Legion bands played and the mayor made a speech. Then the train was sighted round the bend. Mothers and girl friends began frantically hugging and kissing the boys as the locomotive came puffing and panting down the track—and breezed right on by.

Yes, somebody had forgotten to notify the train to stop. The selectees were picked up next day—without ceremony.

" "

Draft officials are expressing surprise—and some concern—that so few of the young trainees have specialized skills that can be put to practical use. It has been the ambition of the service all along, so far as practicable, to keep the square pegs out of round holes; to place individuals where they can serve themselves and their country to best advantage. But it hasn't worked out quite as anticipated.

"What's the matter?" some are asking. "Isn't this young generation trained to DO anything?"

One Major at a southern camp has been watching the new arrivals wistfully for weeks, seeking someone who can operate a typewriter and take dictation. Meanwhile, he labors far into the night, tapping out his letters with two bruised and blistered fingers.

" "

The facilities of the *Minneapolis Tribune* have been placed at the disposal of the northwest men in the nation's armed forces and their friends and families by the creation of the Soldiers and Sailors Service Bureau. . . . As examples of what service is suggested, the newspaper bureau will provide addresses of men in camps for persons who desire them, or will obtain the addresses of civilians for men in camps. If a soldier forgot to notify telephone and gas companies to discontinue service, the bureau will do that. Main purpose of the bureau simply will be to serve as "a friend-at-home," a go-between for service men and civilians at home. The United States Army and Navy have assured full co-operation.—*Editor & Publisher*, 4-12'41.

Wisecracks of the Week

The best angle from which to approach a problem is the try-angle.—K. E. HAYNAL, *Sales Scrap Book*.

" "

What we fear about inflation is that the cab driver with no change for a half-dollar would have to have no change for a $50 bill.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

" "

Middle class: The one that will starve because it isn't rich enough to provide for old age or poor enough to be fed by the Government.—ROBERT QUILLEN.

" "

Try our Famous High Explosive Haircuts—They're a knockout," reads a sign in the bombed window of a London barber shop, seen in pictures arriving in New York.

" "

If you want to observe measures short of war, just watch a game by members of a ladies' bridge club.—*Pathfinder*.

" "

It would take 17,500,000 men, hired at $1,000 a year, 12 months to earn the money required for the 1942 federal budget—and it would be very decent of them.—SENATOR SOAPER.

On a Permanent Basis—Our experience in the World War, when it required seventeen months to put a great American Army into action, tells us that in the face of an emergency such as that we face today we must have a large reservoir of manpower trained in the latest methods of warfare, to supplement the comparatively modest establishment of professional soldiers we know as the Regulars. The way to get that reservoir of trained men is to make the present Selective Service Law permanent, calling up for a year with the colors all young men when they reach an age somewhere between 18 and 21. The action should be taken by the present Congress without relieving from the training program provided by the present Selective Service Law, those from 21 through 35 who were registered last October 16th. . . . Our national safety demands this insurance policy against utter destruction of all we are and hope to be. Common sense tells us that calling up for a year's service youths in the 18-21 bracket would cause the least dislocation of American life, and certainly no other age group would benefit as much, physically and spiritually, as that made up of those just coming to maturity.—Editorial in *The American Legion Magazine*, 3-'41.

SUBTERFUGE

The minister's little daughter was never forgetful of her formal prayers, and had been allowed the privilege of adding any original remarks that she saw fit. One night in the very late fall, at the close of her prayer she added:

"And, dear Lord, please send the beautiful snow to keep the little flowers warm through the winter."

Climbing into bed, she confided: "That's the time I fooled Him. I want the snow so I can go sliding with my new sled!"—*Christian Victory*.

TAXES

Nothing, it is said, is certain but death and taxes—and there are 277 different taxes connected with the cost of burial in a normal death.—*Consumers' Digest*, 4-'41.

TRAINING

A trainer put a toy stuffed lamb into a lion's cage. Each time the lion bit into it he got his mouth full of sawdust. And every time he tore it apart the trainer sewed it up and gave it back to him. He bit into it time after time until at last he would have no more of it. The creature was so distasteful to him that he refused to take it into his mouth again. Next a mechanical lamb was put into the cage. This one looked like the first except that it moved about and kicked its feet. The lion thought it was alive. But when he bit into it, he got a mouthful of bolts and springs. When at last a real live lamb was put into the cage, the lion rolled over on his back and pawed at it gently and playfully. They were soon good friends.—SANFORD B. TURNER, "Look Out, Lion!" *Specialty Salesman Magazine*, 4-'41.

WAR

Two Canadian soldiers stopped a Civil Servant in London. They pointed to an impressive building and asked what it was.

"The Ministry of Information," was their answer.

"Yes," said one soldier, "I'm not surprised. The Ministry would have to be that huge to store up all the information they never give out."—*Tit-Bits.*

" "

The people have never had the chance to express themselves on the issue of war. The election gave them no chance; both parties declared for peace. Yet we stand on the brink of war.—ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS, President of the University of Chicago.

WISDOM

In Palm Springs there is a successful man. His place of business is under a great pepper tree, growing in the middle of a road. He is an old man who has lived his life on the desert. He tells fortunes at 50 cents a palm. People come from all over the valley and wait in cars for him to reveal what fate holds in store for them.

I asked him what he considered to be the secret of his success. "Well," he said, "I only tell people what they want to hear. I tell them things which will make them happy. I never tell them things to make them sad. That's why they come back and bring their friends." You see the old man is a specialist in cheerfulness. His job is to make people happy. In these days of tragedy and gloom we need more of his philosophy, it seems to us. Most of us think too much about impending calamities. We read too many sordid books. We see too many gruesome movies. We listen to too many depressing radio programs. Wouldn't we all be better off, and wouldn't the world be better off, if we took a leaf from this desert philosopher?—J. C. ASPLEY, Editor, in *American Business*, 4-'41.

YOUTH

Remarkable that America is just waking up to what ten years of depression have done to youth. How can we regard as anything but smoke screens the vicious attacks by some of our very "nicest" people on the "softness" of youth. Surely if young people have survived the horrors of the recent years of peace—they are now tough enough for anything.—*The Clearing House*, 3-'41.

Good Stories you can use . . .

Last summer a rancher living some miles out in the hills saw a car from the capital city drive up beside his place. The family scrambled out of the car and climbed over the rancher's fence for a picnic under his trees. In the evening, after the visitors had gone, the rancher spent a weary hour cleaning up the rubbish left on the ground. Tin cans, empty bottles and cartons, lunch paper, sandwich wrappers, etc., etc.

The next day a car drove up and stopped in front of a fine house in the city. The rancher got out and lugged a box up on the velvety lawn, where he dumped out its contents—an assorted lot of rubbish. The owner of the house dashed madly out, roundly abused the rancher, and ordered him to remove the stuff.

"Brother," replied the rancher calmly, "it's all yours—I'm just returning it. You forgot it at my place yesterday. Luckily I got your license number, or I might never have been able to locate you."—G. DEWERT, *Outdoor Life.*

" "

A diner at a Chinese restaurant in Hollywood was presented with one of those little fortune cakes which are presumed to contain a significant personal message from the occult East. He found a slip of paper within, unfolded it, shook the crumbs off, and read, in good American printing, "God bless you. Aimee Semple MacPherson."—*The New Yorker.*

" "

A young Carolinian was studying at a backwoods theological school to become a minister. One day, just before graduation, his professor asked him to demonstrate his ability to outline a sermon from any text that might be selected from the Bible. The boy stood up and was given this text:

"The wild ass sniffeth up the wind with his nostrils."

The boy shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, obviously at loss how to begin. Finally he blurted out exactly what was in his mind: "It would take him a damn long time to get fat on it."—J. SIDNEY CATES, *Country Gentleman.*

" "

Walter Winchell tells of asking a friend how he fared at the races. The response:

"I bet on a horse that if Paul Revere rode him—we'd all be talking with a British accent today!"

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

BY HOAGY CARMICHAEL

Uncle Jed Sproul, down in Spencer County, Indiana, was known as the best shot with a shot gun in them parts. He was a great hunter of quail. When the depression came, being an "unhired" hand, he had to forego his hunting trips because he couldn't afford to buy shells. But he kept his gun well cleaned just in case. The County Commissioner had some visitors from Michigan and in thinking of a means of entertainment he decided he would call Uncle Jed and have him take the party on a quail shoot—Jed knowing the right places. Jed accepted the invitation and of course bragged a bit about what a good shot he still was in spite of the fact he hadn't been out much.

The party went through the White River valley and finally Jed said, "Now, we ought to see some quail in just a minute—I'll take a pot shot at the lead bird and the rest of you follow suit." The quail flushed and Jed took his time at aiming at the lead bird and finally he let go. But the bird kept flying, to the amazement of all concerned. Uncle Jed looked around sort of sheepish like for a moment and then he wheeled around, looked up in the sky and shouted:

"Fly on, you gosh-durned fool with your heart shot out!"

Expert golfer, Herbie Smith, was teeing his ball and preparing to drive off with a beautiful, even smack when his partner called a halt.

"Better give your ball a once-over with the brush, Herbie,—looks kind of dirty and may be hard to find."

Picking up the little white pill, Herbie pointed out not dirt but a well-placed overhanging forelock and a black moustache—an amazing likeness of the German dictator.

"It's the newest thing I've found," exclaimed the golfer, "to help my driving."

" "

A Wichita man extracted a piece of paper from the mouth of his hen; attached was a string tied to a kernel of corn. On the paper was written, "Please keep your chickens at home."—*Pathfinder.*